Volume LXXI CHICAGO, AUGUST 14, 1913 Number 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Seventh Session

OF THE

Tower Hill Congress

AND THE

Thirty-Second Session

OF THE

Helena Valley Grove Meeting

HELD AT

Tower Hill, Wis., Aug. 29, 30, 31, 1913

The Program for Friday Evening and the three Saturday sessions is being arranged by Miss Lutie Stearns, Library Commission, Madison, Wis., and Miss Zona Gale, Portage, Wis. Live questions of current interest will be discussed by representative men and women.

Sunday will be given to the usual double service with a basket dinner between. A cordial welcome will be extended to all.

For detailed program write to either of the above named committee, or, to *Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Tower Hill, Wis.*

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1913. NUMBER 24.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the map of the world you will find it not—
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Not with cannon or battle-shot,
With sword or mightier pen;
Not with powerful word or thought
From the lips of eloquent men;

But deep in some patient mother's heart,
A woman who could not yield,
But silently, cheerfully bore her part—
Aye, there is the battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to flaunt and wave,
But, oh, their battles, they last so long—
From the cradle e'en to the grave.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

The Vedic Magazine for the current month is the most foreign publication in appearance and substance that reaches our table. Eighty pages of Oriental thought, life and feeling. Here are discussions, metaphysical, social, geographical. So near and yet so far! Try your hand at reading it.

Apropos of the recent publication in these columns concerning the heroes of free thought in religion, from the pens of William C. Gannett, John Sharp Williams and the editor of UNITY, telling the stories of Francis David, Roger Williams and Thomas Jefferson, we print this week an address by Edwin D. Mead, taken from the published report of the Liberal Religious Congress held in Rochester, N. Y., last January. Whatever Edwin D. Mead touches is handled in a scholarly and illuminating way, and will be read by our constitutency with appreciation and gratitude.

Chicago has vindicated its claim to common sense. The resignation of Ella Flagg Young as Superintendent of Schools, created not only a breeze but a whirlwind. Her resignation was promptly overruled, in response to an intelligent public clamor, and she remains quietly on her job. This is as it ought to be. Mrs. Young's claim to the office was much more profound than much of the advocacy of her claim. In many quarters too much emphasis was placed on the fact that she was a woman and the woman's cause must not receive such indignity at the hands of the municipality. But the feminine gender alone, is a poor credential for such an office. Mrs. Young is eminent not only as a *woman superintendent*, but as a *superintendent*, and her case ought to have aroused as much enthusiasm and progressive devotion had her name been Elias Flagg Young, as it did being Ella Flagg Young. The women made none too much of a stir. Their protest was altogether timely but there was too little masculine indignation, too few men protestants! The brethren must not settle back too promptly, on the score that the women are equal to every emergency.

The July number of *The Biblical World* lies before us, with a most attractive table of contents. The editor writes of "Spiritualizing Democracy." Charles F. Dole, the ever ripe student of individual and civic well being, has the first installment of a study of "The Meaning of Evil;" in this number the writer concerns himself with the "Limitation of Evil." Everything Mr. Dole writes is worth reading. Gerald Birney Smith, in an article entitled "Is Scholarship Hostile to Religion," offers a commanding brief in behalf of the student; Professor Genung, of Amherst, has a fine article on "The Development of Hebrew Wisdom;" Professor Clayton R. Bowen of the Meadville Theological School, has an article on "Jesus and the Social Revolution," the title of which smacks of the new day. Shailer Mathews grapples with the never exhausted mystery and inspiration of the Gospel of John. "The Minister and the World of Culture" is the title of an article by John C. Granbery, Ph.D., of Kentucky. The editorial pages are replete with news comments on men, books and movements. Among the new books that bring quickening to the mind and a menace to the pocketbook, is an interpretation of the book of Job by James Strahan. Studies in the "History of Religions" by Professor Toy's Pupils, Colleagues and Friends. The "Life and Teachings of Jesus," by Charles Foster Kent, "Sermon Notes" of Cardinal Newman, "Socialism, Idealism and the Changing Theology" by Gerald Birney Smith of the University of Chicago. This is a number worthy the study of every preacher.

The American Journal of Sociology for July contains a searching, if not startling, article from the pen of Louis Wallis, the author of "The Sociological Study of the Bible," some chapters of which upon "The New England Conscience, a Study in Moral Perception," appeared in the pages of UNITY, the completed volume being highly commended in these

columns. It is a scholarly statement of the transition from private to corporate conscience. Mr. Wallis ventures the broad proposition that "American society has even now ceased to produce moral and social leaders whose chief emphasis falls upon the "individual" in the campaign against sin." Further along he says:

"It has become apparent that the interest of business men in politics was not to be explained merely on the theory of 'individual sin.' * * * What we glibly call social problems are merely the various phases, or aspects, of one fundamental problem which simply cannot be cut up into sections."

He suggests that the New England conscience, which was so largely concerned with individual morality, still stands at "the basis of national character," but it is now struggling to adapt itself to the moral demands of today. Further along Mr. Wallis urges:

"America is now struggling to adjust itself to the fact that the problem of 'wealth' raises the whole subject of the system in which wealth is made. What we are facing is not a mere question of 'rebates,' or 'combination in restraint of trade,' or 'plunder,' or 'trusts.' The discussion which is now going on brings into debate the categories of property in capital and land which lie at the foundation of all business."

This introduces an element of intelligence into the conscience that greatly increases the office of the moral teacher. Mr. Wallis says:

"Our new sociological insight, however, has not yet extended far enough to dispose of the superstition that the uninstructed conscence is fully equipped unto all good works. The judgment of the conventional 'good' citizen may be unwittingly as evil as that of the worst criminal."

While in this process the task of the ethical teacher is enlarged and the solution of conscience more difficult, it is to be also said that by this process the teacher of ethics receives new illumination and the study takes upon itself an inspiring element of altruism. Mr. Wallis quotes Mr. Moody as saying to George Adam Smith,—one of the leaders of the study in Higher Criticism among English speaking people,—"What is the use of telling the people there are two Isaiahs when most of them don't even know there is one?" To this question there are two conclusive answers: (1) It is always wise to tell the truth. If there are two Isaiahs let the people know it. (2) It will prove easier to interest the people in the two Isaiahs related to their own experiences and the well being of the state than to interest them in a hypothetical one Isaiah wrapped around with mystery, miracles and theological complications. The New England conscience of the past, in its prime, was commanding, and human nature did it willing reverence. The reformed New England conscience of today, which faces the problems of the community, states its conclusions in the plural number, and finds the well being of the state in this world more interesting than the salvation of the individual soul from eternal war in the next world.

There are three classes of readers: some enjoy without judgment, others judge without enjoyment, and some there are who judge while they enjoy and enjoy while they judge. —*Goethe.*

Of Symbols Once More—The "Cross" and the "Star"

UNITY seldom prints a nobler address than the one that distinguished its issue of July 17, Mr. Cummings' address before the Free Religious Association in Boston last May,—though one may wonder if he were not himself surprised to hear that his words have the unique and time-defying quality that Mr. West sees in them. His theme was, "A predominant emphasis in religion on social ideals and endeavors." It is the earlier, the Plato and Jesus parts, that seem noblest; and all the way through these parts one reader, at least,—knowing that somewhere in the address the speaker had made opportunity to repudiate the symbol of "the Cross"—was saying to himself, "What a glowing interpretation of the very truth of which the Cross is the symbol!"

"Members one of another," "No one liveth and no one dieth unto himself," "He that would save his life for himself is losing it; he that loseth his life for others is saving it," "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many,"—is not this, no more and no less, what Mr. Cummings is urging when he quotes from Plato and Jesus about the Ideal Republic being "a great social family" to which each member owes his utmost devotion, and the Kingdom of Heaven being a "family kingdom," and the Gospel a "family gospel, whose great law is the law of devotion of strong to weak?" Pity, indeed, if anyone criticising the address has missed this, the midmost and main of it. But is not this also the very essence of the Vicarious Atonement idea, of which "the Cross" is the concrete and the symbol,—the most concentrated symbol which the human imagination has yet been able to conceive? There has been abounding error and *mal*-ethics, as Mr. Cummings deplores, in the way in which men have applied the doctrine and its symbol to personal salvation; but that need not blind us to their essential significance. Surely to Orthodoxy the Cross has always meant centrally this,—a *God voluntarily giving his life to save men,* the strongest to save the most weak. One does not have to believe as the centuries have believed concerning the one who died on the Calvary cross, or concerning the relation of his coming on earth and his death to human salvation, to see that *through* this belief—call it truth, or call it illusion—Calvary has, as a matter of fact, given the world its supreme symbol of Self-sacrifice, Pity and Love.

"Gloomy symbolism," is it? In a sense it certainly is, for it is a symbol drawn from the shadow and pain, not the joy, side of life; but how could it express with supremacy *that* meaning otherwise? And the tragedy leads to gladness,—to rescue, uplift, salvation: to the minds that most love and use it, it is less a symbol of

gloom than of light, and the gloom that is in it makes, not for depression, but for tenderer gratitude. In the quick fingers of the Catholic peasant, the sign of the Cross as a preventive of evil is a dumb prayer flashed to the Infinite Goodness around him, an appeal to the power of Divine Love to save, without the least conscious reference to the old-time crucifixion. Good Friday itself always looks forward to Easter, two days away.

Is not all this true? If it be, history may show—some of us think that history will show—that, instead of passing from reverence, the Cross as a symbol is but entering today on its widest career. For exactly what this age of ours is discovering and voicing through its new prophets is that there is a *social law* of "Vicarious Atonement," working always and everywhere in history to uplift and ennoble the race,—to "save men." What we are trying to understand better in its vast range and complexity, and to apply in a thousand new ways, is that law in its two aspects,—"vicariousness," the automatic interchange both of weal and of woe through social relations, and the resulting "at-one-ment" of men with each other and of man with his source and his destiny. Well understood and applied, it will go far to solve "the problem of evil," smooth out irregularities, and abolish injustice and misery. Membership, solidarity, heredity, brotherhood, love, are some of the names or correlates of the law, but not one of them really suggests so much of its working through time and through space as the sombre phrase, "Vicarious Atonement." Exactly what our age is trying to achieve by the new emphasis on social service and brotherhood is to *universalize the Cross.* Mr. Cummings' address on "social ideals and endeavors in religion" brightly illustrates the truth, not of a vanishing, but of the *Universalized* Cross. The orthodox doctrine of the centuries has been the child-mind's form of the truth,—and concerning such forms, see 1 Cor. xiii, 11.

But one may have his "star" symbol, too, if he will. There is problem enough in "a world's salvation" to utilize more than one symbol. He may have his star mean Knowledge, "starry-eyed Science," with the light and freedom it brings, as Mr. West in his sonnet is content to have it. But for Mr. Cummings, who also prefers the "star" to the "cross," it means more: to him it would still be a symbol of Jesus,—it is the "Star of Bethlehem." Listen to his earnest hope and plea:

"It is time for the Star of Bethlehem, so long eclipsed by the shadow of the Cross, to shine forth once again through the mist and gloom of ages. . . . Would that over every church might float the white flag of the universal religion of peace and good-will, blazoned with the guiding star of truth and light and love; bearing above it the prophetic birth-song of the angels, 'Peace on earth, will-will to men,' and beneath it the motto of Jesus, 'Unto the least.' For the salvation of the world depends on following that guiding star. The Star of Bethlehem was the birth-star of a new civilization, the rising star of a new epoch in human history, just because it went and stood over the humblest family instead of over the palaces of the rich, as the stars of destiny had always done before. And the guiding star is standing to-day over every poorest tenement, every humblest home, in the world. Individual salvation, social salvation, the salvation of the world, comes from following that star and giving as the wise men gave,—one's wealth and wisdom to the humblest child and the poorest family. There is no other way whereby men and nations can be saved. Therefore let us substitute for the gloomy symbolism of the Cross the beautiful and inspiring symbolism of the wonderful Christmas story. . . . The Star of Jesus must carry on and complete the unfinished work which the Cross of Jesus interrupted. Jesus was loyal to his own natal star. He followed the star of truth and love, even though it brought him to the cross. Follow that star, even though it bring you to yours. The salvation of the world does not depend on crucifying prophets and saviors, but on having prophets and saviors who are willing to be crucified, if need be."

So said Mr. Cummings to the Free Religious Association. And from nearly all of this who would withhold his eager Amen? But we can imagine the liberal orthodox friend adding,—"Though he does not see all that we see in 'the Cross,' we mean all that he means by his 'Star.' And he,—he even uses the symbol of the Cross to disown the Cross! But what a renunciation to be willing to make,—to make, if he could! A symbol wrought of the ages to express their intensest faith in the Infinite Goodness inlying time and eternity, a symbol which searches the deeps of death as well as of life to upgather the fullest significance of Love—to disown such a symbol as this, because it has been abused! What of the symbols 'God,' 'the Father,' 'Heaven,'—is he true to his logic with these?" So far the orthodox friend,—and we think he is right. For ourselves we would add, "Why not *both* Cross and Star, and the full growing glory of each?"

"Its all a case of looking on opposite sides of the shield."—True; and is it worth while to look on both sides of the shield before throwing it away?

"It is nothing but a matter of symbols anyway, and what do they matter?"—True, again; nothing but symbols, the filmiest things in the world,—but they stand for the great things, and the greatest of all things can be expressed in no other way than by symbols. In religion they are the last distillations of history, thought and experience. They are the immortal souls of dead dogmas, with the illusions and errors of time cast off like the body. A good symbol, once implanted in the heart and imagination of man, becomes a pearl of the spirit, a priceless possession, well-nigh imperishable. The great world is certainly waiting for the "family gospel" of Jesus; but *is* the world tired of "the Cross?" W. C. G.

At least be sure you go to the author to find his meaning, not to find yours. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects. —*Ruskin.*

THE PULPIT

The Contribution of Religious Radicals to Liberty*

After considering the services of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Jewish and other organized religious bodies to the cause of civil and religious liberty in America, there remains the body of the unclassified, the religious radicals, whom it would be wrong indeed to neglect. How manifold and mighty has the service of the world's religious radicals been in every time and place to the cause of freedom and true religion! Think in this hour of the immense service for education, for civil liberty, that was rendered only yesterday in Spain by Ferrer; think of the immense influence for civil and religious liberty, for social inspiration all over the world, rendered in Italy by Mazzini; of the mighty influence in France of Victor Hugo, and a century further back of Rousseau, who more than almost anybody else in his period affected the educational and the political thought of Europe! His was the only portrait that we know to have hung above the desk of Immanuel Kant. Think of the influence in our time of Tolstoy of Russia; think of the earlier influence of Lessing and of Kant himself in Germany; think of the influence in these later times in England of Charles Dickens, of those noble women, George Eliot and Harriet Martineau, of Carlyle and Ruskin; of the influence but the other day, when that sharp crisis was on in England, when it was the religious radical, the unclassified, the nondescript, John Morley, Herbert Spencer, Frederick Harrison, who rose up amidst all the wickedness and injustice of the Boer War to remind England of her duty, when every bishop on the bench save one or two was silent or whitewashed the iniquity.

We may never forget these things; and in America we may never forget, whatever our grade of regularity or orthodoxy, or lack of these, never forget the services here of the great unclassified, the religious radical, the free thinker. If we were going to name three men of the last generation in America who perhaps more than any others influenced our thought, we should largely agree in naming Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker and Abraham Lincoln,—men who were put out of the synagogue, or went out, or never went in,—because Abraham Lincoln never went in. Think of three of the founders of this American Commonwealth, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Thomas Paine. You could not name three men,—among those who formulated the principles which American democracy stood for then, and which the republic was destined to stand for in history, who stated those principles more powerfully than these three men,—none of them belonged to churches, none of them men of religious "regularity," all of them men whom the orthodox and the regulars in their day were in the habit of saying had no religion at all. That character was given them so strongly and so persistently by the religious men who in that time set the tone, that they are hardly yet freed from it in the minds of many men. To this day America is full of men who think of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine almost as enemies of religion, or as men who had no religion to speak of. Perhaps one reason for it in the case of Jefferson is that our history has been so largely written by New Englanders; and the people of New England back in Thomas Jefferson's time, especially the more influential members of society, the cultivated classes, were so largely Federalists, to whom the name of Jefferson altogether was a red rag. Never was a man the victim of greater injustice than Thomas Jefferson suffered for two generations from those classes in New England. The leaders of the Revolution were, many of them, men who thought essentially as Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin did. Washington was a member of the Church of England, but Washington himself had little "orthodoxy" to speak of. Deism, the old-fashioned eighteenth-century Deism, was very prevalent among the leading founders of the American republic. We hear very little about the "irreligion" of John Adams,—he has never been held up to conspicuous gaze as a dangerous thinker; yet, as a matter of fact, his religious opinions were essentially the same, so far as definition goes, as those of Jefferson, and he held his "heresies" in a more unpleasant and unattractive way. If you will read the correspondence in their later life, which was to no inconsiderable extent upon philosophical and religious subjects, you will be impressed by the greater attractiveness, warmer imagination, and more philosophical character of Jefferson's attitude toward religion, which altogether is much the attitude of most radical and rational men today.

What was the religion of the three great religious radicals who have such prominence among the founders of the republic of the United States,—the religion of Franklin and Jefferson and Thomas Paine? I revive for your recollection a scene in which the religion of Benjamin Franklin found dramatic expression. It was toward the close of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, of which he was a member, having come home a year or two before from his distinguished diplomatic career in France. The convention was nearly shipwrecked more than once through the extreme and almost irreconcilable difference of opinion among the delegates; and it was when matters were at their worst that Benjamin Franklin, I think the oldest member of the convention, rose and proposed that from that day onward the convention be opened every day by prayer. He said substantially: "We have sat here deliberating during these weeks, and we have come almost to failure; we have roamed through the nations of antiquity to find some models that would guide us, we have looked through the modern nations of Europe, but we are all at sea and apparently no nearer agreement than ever. I remember now how, back in the early days of the Continental Congress,—the body which declared independence in this very room,—our deliberations were each day opened by prayer. We were guided through that terrible conflict, I believe, by Divine Providence. I think that this convention should go to the Father of Light for illumination, and open its deliberations every day by prayer." He continued to express his sense of the Divine Providence which had guided America in her former great struggle, he spoke of his long life and his varied political experience, and he said, "The firm

*From an address by Edwin D. Mead given at the Liberal Religious Congress in Rochester, N. Y., January 29, 1913, in a series of addresses on "The Contribution of the Churches of America toward Civil and Religious Liberty."

conviction to which I have come is that God rules in the affairs of men; and, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, an empire cannot rise without his aid." He appealed to the sacred Scriptures expressing his veneration for the great Scriptures which had guided the fathers.

Students of political history know the result of Franklin's action. His motion was lost. Franklin, in giving an account of it afterwards, said that he found only three or four to support it. Hamilton opposed it, actuated apparently a good deal by the feeling of the woman aboard ship in a terrible storm. She went to the captain and asked what the chances were, and the captain frankly told her they were desperate, that "the best we can do now is to trust in Providence." "Oh," she cried, "has it come to that?" Alexander Hamilton said: "If we should begin to pray now, and it should get out that we were praying, when we hadn't done it before, the country would think we were desperate." Franklin thought it would be a good thing if the country did find out precisely that. Another member said, "We know very well that the reason we haven't had any prayers is that that there isn't money in the treasury to pay for a clergyman." That was the kind of discussion by which Franklin's proposal was sidetracked. The point is that the proposal was made, and was backed by one of the most earnest speeches in the convention,—and proposed and earnestly supported by Benjamin Franklin; and it illustrates Franklin's life.

Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, these names which have become in so many "regular" circles synonymous with irreligion,—why, I wish there were in the Senate of the United States today a lot of politicians, a lot of statesmen, as prominent in political affairs as were those men then, whose words showed half the devotion to religious thought, to religious subjects, to religious aspirations, shown by the words of those men.

I had occasion on the Franklin centennial half a dozen years ago to turn through all the passages of Franklin's works, pencil in hand, for two purposes: I wanted to mark every passage in his works which related to war and peace—and I assure you that an equal body of good doctrine cannot be brought together from the works of any of his contemporaries—and to mark the passages which had to do with Franklin's religion. Although I have always been a student of Franklin, the result of that critical examination was to me a revelation. From early in life, all through his life, Franklin's interest in religious matters, in religious men, in religious thought, was profound. He had a brief, sandy, and sceptical period, but it didn't much affect the deep things. Why, he once went through the work of revising the liturgy of the Church of England, in order to fit it better to modern thought. He was always thinking of religious things. One of his eulogists has spoken of him as the most consummate Christian of his time. Whether this is true or not, the reasons by which this admirer, one of his prominent biographers, supports his judgment are very intelligent reasons. He shows that there was no man in his time who had a broader spirit of fellowship, of toleration, of brotherhood with all kinds of men. His breath of fellowship was universal; and surely, if there ever was a man who spent his time going about doing good, it was Benjamin Franklin. I can think in the annals of time of no other man who was more industrious in doing good, which is a pretty good test of religion,—Jesus Christ's test. I remember no utterance of his which has impressed me more than this: "It is incredible, the quantity of good that may be done in a country by a single man who will make a business of it, and not suffer himself to be diverted from that purpose by different vocations, studies, or amusements." That seems to me Benjamin Franklin speaking for himself; and, if you catalogue the services of that man for humanity, it is a stupendous record of good works.

Thomas Jefferson is the only prominent statesman of that time who, for one thing, was so devoted to the thoughts and works of Jesus that he prepared a special collection of them. Has not this been published by the United States government? In his tribute to Jesus he lays emphasis upon the sufficiency of the doctrines of Jesus for personal and social religious life. A radical—yes! How he welcomed the preaching of Channing, how he read his sermons and addresses as they began to come in the early part of that nineteenth century! He hoped there was not a thoughtful young man living in America who would not become a Unitarian; that was his declaration in so many words. His interest in radical thought was profound, but his interest in religious work, in the organization of mankind, so as to lay the emphasis upon the humanities,—that was the guiding thing in Thomas Jeffersons life.

How about Thomas Paine? He has been indeed a troublesome figure. There is no other man in our religious or political history who has been the victim of such misrepresentation, of such persistent obloquy, as Thomas Paine. I think the general attitude of the American people towards Thomas Paine was fairly well expressed by Theodore Roosevelt when he wrote in his life of Governor Morris, at the point when Morris was over in Paris as our minister and Paine was locked up in prison for his politics, "There was a filthy little atheist named Thomas Paine who was amusing himself in prison by writing a book against religion." The actual truth reminds one of the statement of somebody about the "Holy Roman Empire," that it was neither holy, Roman, nor empire. Now Thomas Paine was neither filthy, little, nor atheist. The testimony is that he was a man who had a special care for dress and good appearance, though certainly there were hard exigencies in his life when slight regard for these was possible; he was a man of good stature, and his religious works were written in the interest of theism, precisely to overcome atheistic ideas.

It is hard to eradicate from the popular mind, poisoned by prejudice and falsehood, the myth that has been made up and supported through the generations, that Thomas Paine was a drunkard and a man of low moral character. I say a persistent myth,—for myth it is, as any serious student may satisfy himself. The story of his drunkenness has largely been fortified by his grocer's account, which happened to be preserved, and showed that he had bought a good deal of rum. Well, Thomas Paine did buy a good deal of rum, measured by Rochester usage in 1913. I was interested two or three weeks ago in getting hold, in my native New Hampshire town, of the account books of the grocer in the early part of the last century,—

the grocer who furnished my exceedingly respectable and reputable grandfather with his groceries,—and I was amused to see the amount of rum the old man bought. Yet he was a sober man, an eminently good citizen, a faithful supporter of the church. The accounts of all the other good men, the deacons and the rest, the parson for aught I remember, were in the same book, and they were all buying rum: there was nothing else more frequently entered. The town records tell of the appropriations for rum for the festivities or various observances connected with the installation of the ministers. If you will read Sylvester Judd's "Margaret," that remarkable picture of New England life in the period between the Revolution and the end of the century, you will be amazed to find the extent to which society seems to float in rum. It was a rummy age: Thomas Jefferson seems to have been the only man who drank little, for he couldn't stand drinking. I supposed that around New Rochelle, N. Y., where Thomas Paine lived, and where this myth about his drunkenness has its geography, I suppose there were deacons by the dozen who were drinking regularly more than Thomas Paine ever drank, without in the slightest degree affecting their religious reputation. I speak of these things, which I have investigated, because I feel so strongly the wrong which has been done to this man, certainly not as an apologist for rum nor for eighteenth-century social usages.

Then, again, as to Thomas Paine's religion. The two chief enemies of religion, he once said, are fanaticism and infidelity; and he fought one just as hardly all his life as he fought the other. "My friend," he wrote to old Sam Adams in Massachusetts,—a good orthodox Puritan, the last of the Puritans they used to call him,—who had remonstrated with him over "The Age of Reason," "My friend, do you call believing in God infidelity?" When Jefferson's envoy found him so miserably poor in Paris, and arranged to bring him home on a government ship, as an expression of Jefferson's sense of the obligation of the United States to him, this envoy found that he was willing to talk but little about his political achievements, which counted so much in the eyes of the people, but that his fervor was all about religion. He emphasized the sublime effect of a creation upon the mind of man in assuring him of the existence and the power of God. The thing that he protested against was authority,—authority that held men down in religion and in politics: he stood against authority and for humanity. "The evidences of religion," he said, "are the power of God displayed in creation, and that repugnance we feel in ourselves to bad actions and the disposition to do good ones."

As to his rationalism, a good deal of it is certainly crude enough, from the standpoint of today's better scholarship; but it does not seem to me half so crude as the ideas of the Bible and miracle which were held by the orthodox people of his time who were decrying him; and a good deal of it comes vastly closer to the views of the Bible, to the "higher criticism" entertained today by men representing the so-called conservative or orthodox churches, who gladly join in a conference like this. A good deal of it, I say, is crude; but it was a crude age, and Thomas Paine faced the theology of the eighteenth century and not that of the twentieth. Lessing was about the only rationalist of that time with whom we feel real kinship; but, remembering the extraordinary lack of science and criticism in the churches themselves, few rational men can read the most savage of Paine's pages without persuasion of his good purpose, works, and his truthfulness with himself. I believe there were no three works that rendered greater immediate service to mankind in that time than Paine's "Common Sense," his "Rights of Man," and, with reservations, his "Age of Reason," —which last many men would do well to read before they talk about it.

What about his public services, his public services here in the United States? He stood pre-eminently for the principles which have come to obtain and to rule in this country. His "Common Sense" had in many ways a greater influence than any other pamphlet ever issued in this country. In that day of small things one hundred and twenty thousand copies were almost immediately printed and circulated. It was his pamphlets on the Crisis—that first one especially with its opening word about the times that tried men's souls—that inspired the men who presently won the victory at Trenton. It was his "Common Sense" that helped convert Washington himself to the idea of independence. After he had helped us win our indepedence, he went over to Paris and worked in the French Revolution,—worked always on the side of sanity, on the side of the things for which men like Washington and Jefferson and Franklin stood here, always against the things which developed the mischievous side of the French Revolution. He was as much hated by Robespierre and the extremists of the Reign of Terror, as he was hated by the privileged classes in France. Then he came back here for the rest of his life.

It was not simply for freedom in the one revolution and the other that he stood. He was the first American politican who framed a scheme for the emancipation of the slaves. He worked for emancipation with Franklin, and in 1775 the first American anti-slavery society was founded, of which Franklin became the president. Just as those great radicals, Emerson, Parker, and Lincoln, were united in the last century in the great cause of anti-slavery, so Franklin, Jefferson, and Thomas Paine were peculiarly united in their time in the service of the same cause. I know of hardly any other such demands for the rights of man in that time as those of Thomas Paine and Franklin and Jefferson. All stand pre-eminent back there as champions of the great principle of the substitution of law for war in the settlement of international disputes, which has become the commanding cause of our own time. Paine's championship of the rights of woman was as brave as Theodore Parker's later: all along the line he fought for justice. "My country is the world," he said, "my religion is to do good." He proposed a Society of Theo-Philanthropists. The thought of God and the thought of man always went together with him. The thought of man as the child of God it was which made indignity and injustice to man so intolerable to him. If, as Jefferson himself wrote after Paine's struggles and sufferings in the French Revolution, Paine steadily labored in our own Revolution, "with as much effect as any man living," it was because there burned in him from first to last the flame of a lofty and resolute idealism. It was a noble word of Jefferson's, "Where liberty is, there is my country;" but yet a nobler word was Thomas Paine's, "Wherever liberty is

not, there is my country," emphasizing his fellowship with every down-trodden people who needed his helping hand.

It is superfluous here to pay tribute to the political services of Franklin. He stood as a center in the great democratic party among the founders of the republic, and he was the greatest diplomatic servant we ever had in Europe. His Albany plan of union in 1754 was an anticipation of our federal union; and in the deliberations of the constitutional convention he stood for the most advanced positions. His services for the education and enlightenment of the American people were numberless and immeasurable.

As for Jefferson,—why, his name has become preeminently the name which is the actual symbol of everything democratic in our life, in our politics, everything which has hope and trust and faith in it. It was Abraham Lincoln who declared Jefferson the greatest political thinker of our history, and his principles "the axioms of free society." Theodore Parker it was who used before Lincoln those great words about "government of the people, by the people and for the people," and his tribute to Jefferson we also remember; and it was Emerson, the religious radical, who defended the Declaration of Independence from the charge of being merely a mass of glittering generalities by exclaiming "Blazing iniquities rather!" Jefferson defended the principles of democracy, of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. He stood for the principles of Paine's "Rights of Man," and for the principles which Franklin championed from his youth to his age. He stood for education in every form, stood for ideas, with a persistence, an originality, and a resoluteness unsurpassed among Americans. A record of service for ideas alone he chose to have inscribed upon his monument when he died,—this man who had been governor, ambassador, President, the bearer of every possible dignity and honor,—"Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, and of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia."

There is no group of men to whom America owes more than to these religious radicals. The most popular of Jefferson's biographers well says, identifying the principles of Jefferson with the principles of our democracy, "If Jefferson was wrong, America is wrong; if America is right, Jefferson was right." I think this is the truth. If this great republic succeeds, it will be through fidelity to the political principles of Jefferson and Franklin and Thomas Paine. It will be fidelity to the principles of democracy. And that alone is the true conception of religion today which sees that it is an expression in its own field of what in the political field is democracy. Let us never, therefore, when we meet to celebrate the services of the various religious bodies, forget to pay tribute to this noble body of the unclassified, of the religious radicals, the free thinkers, who, if not ecclesiastically organized, have been members of the great body of humanity, and have been striving to lead humanity ever onward and upward.

My Early Reading—No. II.

Not long after my rather chilling experience with the Old Testament, my country school teacher, who was paid "ten shillings a week and boarded around" for the early settlers and their dealings with the natives, had proven attractive as soon as I could read them. Also, there was a goodly sized red-covered book, which told much about various prophets, martyrs and saints, somewhat fully illustrated with steel engravings of "larning" half a dozen boys and a girl or two whatever their heads were capable of mastering, called my attention to the dilapidated volume of "Plutarch's Lives," that held a somewhat conspicuous place in our district school library. This I read from beginning to end, and with an interest strangely different from that which the Old Testament heroes had inspired, although here, too, I was by no means pleased with the innumerable accounts of men's grosser cruelties, or with the trickery by which the activties of so many of them were characterized. Yet, as these were accounts of the villainies of men, and not of the one I called "God," I was by no means so disturbed as I had been by attempting to read the Bible. The sum total of good, however, that I got from Plutarch must have been small, interesting as it mostly was, and valuable as it had been to so many others.

It must have been about this time that I literally "chanced" to read my first love story, a short one, found in the current newspaper of the day. This, I remember, stirred me from the very foundations up, and with so many new thoughts and feelings that for sometime I had little room in my mind for anything else. Naturally enough for a time after this, I read little else than such other stories as I could find in stray numbers of *The Waverly Magazine, The New York Ledger* and *The Boston True Flag,* periodicals that reached the neighborhood mostly through exchange with the boys at the front, who were beginning to emphasize the Civil War as a very terrible and serious fact of my developing consciousness.

One experience of this early period has recently come vividly to mind, while gazing upon the stock of a local newsdealer, where my eyes finally became attracted by the name of a periodical, which, having not been seen or thought of for many years, I would have said was surely a thing of the past. But what a vision for the inner eye was at the same moment awakened—that of a country boy, trudging wearily along the dutsy road on his return from a visit to the city, where he had literally filled his arms with back numbers of his favorite periodicals, that he had purchased with money earned opportunely in the fields of neighboring farms. Only this; but with what joyous reminiscences did all the subsequent reading of them on the haymow, high up under the roof of the quiet and uninvaded barn, return! Not a very wonderful vision, this, anyone can say, if he will. But he will not say it if he, too, has somewhere in his own boyhood experienced similar joys, when the successive stages of his mental growth and of his apprecation of better things, not only needed just such ephemeral stimulation, but responded to it only in ways that promised untold profit in all subsequent life.

Always during my childhood there had been a few volumes in our home, which, had I read them attentively would have laid fairly well a good foundation for subsequent selection and use. One of these, Peter Farley's "History of the United States," was looked through many times because of the interesting pictures which told me even more than I got from its text, although portions of this, especially those relating to

their portraits as conceived by leading artists, that served to render many a Sunday afternoon rather more restful than otherwise it would have been. Later still, there came a volume in which was most vividly portrayed the experiences of two girl captives among Indians, that certainly did not serve to give me a very high opinion of the tribes of redmen therein portrayed. This book I read several times over, each time getting fresh thrills of hatred for the "savages" which to my mind had forfeited every kindly consideration of thought or feeling whatsoever. Duly, there followed Redpath's "Life of Captain John Brown," the reading of which gave me such an intense aversion to slavery and the slaveholder, that many years of my after life were tinctured with it, beyond either sense or reason.

During my mid-childhood it was a custom with some of the farmers to, what they called, "bait" their herds by the roadside, and thus gain an additional pasturage, which, generally speaking, was rather more "flush" than that of their farms proper. In order, however, to avail themselves of this without trespassing on their neighbors' similar rights, it was necessary that some one should watch the cows closely—a so-called "easy" task, that was always given to the boy who happened just then to be old enough for this, and yet not big or strong enough for something heavier or more responsible.

So it happened that it became my allotted business for a number of summers during at least half the forenoon hours, to see that our own herd did not stray from the somewhat extended roads which bounded two sides of the farm, and simultaneously, in order that the long hours might not become too tedious for endurance, to contrive by the way all such amusements and occupations as ingenuity prompted or incident suggested. Often this was no easy thing to do; as not not only anything like proper facilities were scanty, but the idea of play, as such, had never become at all popular with the good people, who mostly had cleared the fields they now cultivated with their own axes, and who now expected their children to be equally industrious in turn, and always to be engaged in some sort of manner which would promise at least something equally good and substantial later on.

How I came to hit upon the expedient of reading as much as possible during these lonesome morning hours, the very best part of the beautiful summer days, I cannot now recall. Nor do I remember very accurately what I did read. There must have been, however, some half a dozen or more so-called Dime Novels, of the "Beadle" or "Monroe" type, so common and so generally condemned at that time. Of the contents of these I recall nothing, except that in one of them a certain transcendentally beautiful Indian maiden fell in love with a white hunter that had been taken captive, and by her daring and skill saved him from burning at the awful stake to which he had been tied; and of course duly married him and lived with him in greatest happiness afterwards! To a boy, say of twelve or thirteen, this was done in such a way that it represented quite satisfactorily the climax of the writer's art; and, thenceforth, beautiful Indian maidens were apt rather frequently to figure conspicuously in most of my day musings, as well as in my night dreams. I remember, too, that I used to wonder much, whether, if I should once start out upon a tramp through the biggest piece of woods I had ever heard of in that vicinity, and especially if I should happen to get into trouble in a certain deep and dark "gulf" in its most central recesses, not many miles away,—whether I, too, would have a similar good fortune and meet a dusky fairy, who would straightway not only fascinate me with her wildly sweet smiles, but would then and there promise me to wait until I got big enough to marry her, to my everlasting glory and happiness, of course. But, as the cows had to be strictly "tended" so regularly and so much of the time, and as altogether too many merely mundane things besides had always to be remembered and done, ever to admit of much adventuring of any kind, my dreams of an ideally winsome Indian lass came naturally to be superseded by other dreams, which if perhaps of a more "sensible" character, were nevertheless never quite so vivid or so entertaining as had been the one that first set my childish fancy so fully aglow.

But the reading of Dime Novels seems to have timely lost its peculiar charm, as had the reading of the love stories found in periodicals. The times were becoming too strenuous, too serious, too pathetic, too full of war-news, war-meetings and war-tragedies, to let even the child-mind slight their terrible significance in favor of anything else whatever. Hence the reading of newspapers came very extensively to engage attention, if not so much from my personal interest in what was therein recorded, then in order that I might stoutly hold my own in the numerous discussions of battles and commanders and everything else, which were stimulated by the daily reports from the seat of war, and started up invariably whenever two or three were met together. Nor was my attention less engaged by the political strifes, both national and local of the day. In fact, every mind in those times was pretty fully occupied with the war, and all that it was so fatefully growing to mean to everyone old enough to read, or think about, or feel, its malignant grasp. I remember, that when later, the first volume of Greeley's "American Conflict," which my father had promptly subscribed for, came to hand, I could not get half the time I wanted to read it through, tinctured as it was, not only with the awfully reality of what I had so many and so vivid impressions, but possessed also of all the fascination of a romance, beside which all other romances seemed as but child's play, and of no particular use or interest whatever.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

AN INAUGURAL

These verses are made up almost entirely of phrases taken from the President's inaugural address.

A nation deeply stirred by solemn passion
At sight of wrong
Calls to heroic work of restoration
The brave and strong.
With heartstrings swept as by an air from heaven—
From God's white throne—
We listen to the moan of countless thousands,
Life's undertone.
No day of triumph but of dedication is this our time;
Men's hearts, men's lives, men's hopes appoint us
Our task sublime.
O God, here at the hearthstone of the conscience
We seek Thy light;
Justice, and only justice, is our motto—
Show us the right!

In The Public. —*W. G. Ballantine.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XXIII.

THE HEXATEUCH. No. 1.

TEXT: *Ye shall be holy; for I Jehovah your God am holy.* Lev. xix:24.

We turn now from the study of the prophets and the classic stories to a study of the formation of the Old Testament; to see how, and to a degree when, the present arrangement of the Old Testament came to be. We began the course with the first great, popular classics in Hebrew literature, the deliverance of the great teachers of Jewry, personalities whom we group under the name of prophets but of whom we have come to think as the early statesmen, poets and politicians, organizers of the Jewish state, in so far as it was ever organized.

The history books—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy taken together, have been called the Pentateuch—the five fold book. The book of Joshua being part of the compilation is now included and the collection is called the Hexateuch—the six fold book. This contains a story of the world, the beginning and development of the Jewish race in it, and the unfolding of the Jewish message through it, from the creation of Adam down to the entrance of the Jewish people into the Promised Land, under the leadership of Joshua, and the beginning of the kingdom of which Saul became the first crowned head.

In the old thought all this was regarded as divine history, adequate to the religious needs of man, given by the Almighty through the instrumentality of Moses, its authenticity vouched for by numberless miracles, by the spoken word of Jehovah, by the intereference of his mighty power, and by the triumphs of his chosen people. The Hexateuch was considered to be the revelation of Jehovah to man; given primarily for the benefit of the Jew, secondarily for the benefit of the Christian, ultimately for the benefit of the whole world converted and redeemed.

The Jews, more consistently than the later translators and makers of versions, recognized the unity of some books which we have cut apart. The older scholars found the work too long for convenience, so chopped it in pieces in an arbitrary way. They called the first piece Genesis, because the first word in the Hebrew version means the same as the Greek word Genesis—the beginning. Similarly, Exodus, through the Greek, is the initial word in that part. The Torah, the Book of the Law, was the first, and to the Rabbis and the liturgists of conservative Judaism still is the highest revelation. Primary interest and sanctity belong to the Hexateuch. The Saducees in the time of Jesus recognized no other authoritative Scripture. The Samaritans, one of the off-shoots of the Jews, knew no other Bible than the Torah!

Something has happened to the interpretations of this Hexateuch which is comparable only to what happened to the zoology of the world when Darwin introduced "The Origin of Species," or to the geology of the world when Lyall first taught of the gradual transformation of the earth by processes still at work —the influences of frost and air, water and heat. Science has not experienced any more startling revolution at the hands of modern scientific research than has our Hexateuch at the hands of modern students of Hebrew literature.

The scholars find that instead of being one continuous composition it is like a rope of different colored strands, five or more in all. This continuous story from Adam to Joshua was written, not by Moses in the thirteenth century B. C., but by some conscientious scribes about the fifth century B. C. They found as material to work upon what is found in the growth of any literature; what Tennyson found, for instance, when he set himself to write the "Idyls of the King." Tennyson had at hand Mallory's beautiful stories; Mallory in turn had that which had been put in shape some two or more hundred years earlier,—fragmentary traditions, folk-lore, bedtime stories, grandmother and hero tales, old fragments of Celtic and Saxon poetry glorifying Merlin, his king and his times. Hebrew literature obeyed the same law. Hebrew life, developing under the leadership of the great prophets, produced this floating literature, and finally under the literary compression and inspiration of the captivity, under the stimulus of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, it was put into its present shape. When Ezra came back to the rehabilitation of Jerusalem he brought with him, essentially, this book which was thereafter to constitute the Law, and which is, practically, the Hexateuch.

What are these elements represented by the different strands in our rope?

(E) As one strand scholars have detected an old prophetic fragment containing a traditional account of the creation of the world and other prehistoric stories. In this the earlier word for God, *Elohim,* is used. The word *Elohim is plural.* It shows a people on the verge of polytheism. The manuscript grew out of Ephraim and is sometimes called the Ephraimitic, sometimes Elohistic, document. From either one or both of these sources, the document has been designated as *E.*

(J) A second manuscript uses the word *Jahveh* for the Deity. This manuscript came from Judah and is called interchangeable, the Judaistic or Jahvistic document. It contains the second account of the creation story. So the second strand in our rope is called *J.*

(D) The *Deuteronomic,* or second version of the Law, is a fine, clearcut, literary contribution, containing a larger theism. It is designated by the letter *D.*

(P) As the story grows there comes in a larger element of liturgy. In Leviticus we find what is called the *Priestly Code.* This manuscript shows the touch of priestly hands, and was evidently written or compiled in the interest of the temple services and ceremonies that belonged to the priestly function. It is represented by the letter *P.*

(H) Another manuscript, which, because it is ethical and spiritual, concerned with the purpose of elevating and quickening the life of man, is called the *Holiness Code.* This manuscript is probably the last

development in order of time, and is indicated in critical commentations by the letter *H*.

(R) The letter *R* is often met with. It stands for *Redactor*, which is Latin for editor, and indicates additions by later hands. These apparently unintelligible signs have become keys which unlock scriptural treasures.

The strands of our rope are not always well defined; frequently they combine, and this scholars indicate by such letters as *EJD, JH, DPH*. The different documents intertwine as is shown in the first chapters of Genesis. One account of Creation gives definitely the happenings of each day, ending with the day of rest,—the institution of the Sabbath. The other story is less clear and shows a sociological basis.

Students of the Old Testament in the original, whether orthodox or liberal, now recognize conclusively the argument of this lesson. Many of the reference works are written by orthodox scholars. Prof. T. K. Cheyne, of Oxford, a high functionary in the Episcopal church, wrote the article on the Hexateuch which is in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*.

Thus we find evidence of the evolution of religious thought and spiritual development in this evolved literature as the geologist finds evidence of a slow-growing world by a study of the strata of the rocks.

QUESTIONS ON THE HEXATEUCH

1. Give the classes of Biblical literature so far studied.
2. What is the Pentateuch? How has it grown into the Hexateuch?
3. What is contained in the Hexateuch?
4. How were the books named?
5. Name the various manuscripts making up the Hexateuch and the signs used to indicate the same.
6. What does each contain?
7. Is this account of the formation of the Old Testament new well recognized?
8. How does this affect the credibility of the Bible, and the realities of religion?

The Study Table

Two New Magazines

Two new magazines have appeared suddenly and synchronistically on the Table—*The Constructive Quarterly* and *The Yale Review*. This is the first number of the first volume of the *Constructive Quarterly* and the fourth number of the second volume of *The Yale Review*. Will they live; and should they live? The *Quarterly* is novel, not in the substance so much as in the purpose. It proclaims itself a journal of the faith, work and thought of Christendom. We had almost forgotten that there was a Christendom—we who have been divided into so many "doms" and "dominants," that we had lost sight of the initial unity of the Christian church. A little quiet use of the memory, however, recalls an historical process running through the last century (I mean the century of us old fellows), making very clear the fact that not at one moment has Jesus Christ been quite crowded out of the Christian church; and that, with all the genuflexions to popes and prelates, Catholic and Protestant alike, has the real master of Christianity lost his grip on the world. Our Congress of Religion, calling together Jew and Gentile, and a dozen Christian sects, has been very expressive of the greater life that embraces all the lesser lives that wear the cross. Just how much of this fellowship of Christianity all around the world we are ready for, is not yet quite clear. This new *Quarterly* has a gentle boldness about it that we like. It is going to find out about this unity, by doing something. It will open the door for us, but a door into the shop or the garden where the tools are in active use. It is published by a firm that has rapidly demonstrated its modern spirit and constructive force, that is *George H. Doran Company*, of New York. The articles in this first number are worth while in more senses than one. They are good reading, not at all heavy and tedious, but yielding not one whit to mere popularity. Like a genuine reviewer I began at the end and read forward. The article on "An American Saint" gives us a very generous review of the work of Henry Clay Trumbull—not at all a man that would be picked out by radical reformers, but a man who is going to stay in history and religion. Then comes a generous article on "Religion and Labor;" and a sterling good one on "St. Paul's Message to Religion." I confess that I never felt before quite so strongly that Paul was a man by himself; a constructive man on his own account; a man who had a vigorous purpose apart from his attachment to Jesus, and his effort to interpret a Master.

The *Yale Review* is admirably edited by Wilbur L. Cross. I think I can feel the man in the magazine. This is very important in constructing a magazine out of diverse and divergent material. Some of the articles in this number are "The Crux of the Currency Question," "Style in American Architecture" (with which I disagree). The main trouble with American architecture is that mighty little of the rural is rustic. All over our hills and in our valleys we have imitations of city houses. The high cost of living is admirably discussed; but I imagine the solution is just here, that we have changed our farm life from one of self-support to a struggle for money. We used to grow everything that we could eat, and most that we could wear, on our farms; now we buy nine-tenths of our food and all of our clothing; and if our crops don't turn out cash enough to pay for these things we are hard up. No wonder we have a commission in Europe to learn how to make bankrupts of all our farmers. I should like to discuss a half dozen of the other articles in this magazine. It will be better for me to say they are worth your reading without my interpretation.

E. P. Powell.

"NO-SURRENDER OATES"

"It was blowing a blizzard. Oates said: 'I am just going outside, and I may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since."—*The Diary of Captain Scott.*

It was not in the fury and the foam,
The swift, earth-shaking tumult, and the shout
Of close-knit squadrons riding hard and home,
That he went out.

For him no trumpets called with jubilant blast,
Only the ice-wind's everlasting moan;
Alone into the solitude he passed,
Yet not alone.

For joyfully the long line of his peers,
Most joyfully those stanch old bands and true,
Which rode at Balaklava in far years,
And Waterloo.

Warburg, and Paardeberg, and Dettingen,
Watched him go out into the deathly wild—
Ay, many valiant souls of mighty men
Saw that, and smiled.

The Spectator. —*Frank Taylor.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

Miss Walker is once more absent from the Tower Hill circle and so the readers of Unity have missed the weekly letters which were read with such interest by many. Michigan may be her native state but we claim Wisconsin as her home state and Tower Hill the very spot of all the earth where she ought to be summer times.

A less practiced hand has been asked to write a word of the Tower Hill community to show that it is still very much alive.

It is Sunday morning. All night it rained steadily but ceased with daylight. Soft grays and greens rest the eye which ever way we turn. The quiet is profound. There is still peace in the minds of the residents for there are some blissful weeks between them and the city's noise and tumult. There are also some joyful things to look forward to.

Lutie Stearns and Zona Gale are coming and that means never a dull moment for three blessed days. They will bring the Seventh Tower Hill Congress to Tower Hill—some thirty strong this year. The coming of the Congress always means a "time of refreshing" and a quickening of impulse towards all good things. Jennie Johnson is coming, too, and her wonderful voice will bring courage and cheer to Tower Hill as it has to Lincoln Center many times.

Last Friday was the closing session of the Summer School for 1913. It was not a large school this year but the attendance has been regular and the interest intense. All of those who began the work have stayed to the finish. The topic for the morning sessions was "The Growth of Hebrew Religion," the third year's work in the seven years' course. Familiar Bible passages glowed with new light as Mr. Jones opened vista after vista into the past, and as always in his hands, the new meaning ended in deeper reverence.

The evenings are all too short as we listen to the reading of Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh and take part in informal discussions of the woman question and innumerable other problems that clamor for solution.

To the great regret of everyone the gentle presence of Miss Bertha Howe has been missed. California claimed her this year and the nature students have had to struggle on without her guidance, but they have pursued the studies to which she gave such impetus and have "named the birds" and hunted the rare ferns.

For once the "Master of the Hill" is off duty. Even the insistent demand of a Chicago newspaper for "just a word" had to be denied for we did not know where to locate him. Bright and early Saturday morning with Uncle Enos, Uncle Philip and Dick he started out in an automobile, with the Spring Green banner floating in the air, to visit the Lincoln Center Farm at Clear Lake, Governor Hoard's farm, the Milo Jones dairy farm, and other points of interest in Fort Atkinson and back through Jefferson county to their first home in the unbroken wilderness. But how describe such a journey or locate the stopping places! It is the heart's country through which they are traveling. In it may they find rest and refreshment at each milestone of the past and come back renewed in body and soul for the milestones of the future, to help once more everyone who needs help with their strength, courage and kindness.

WHAT IS DONE WITH THE KORAN?

The severest rebuke of the neglect of the divine Book of the Christian faith, by those who profess to hold that faith, is supplied from Mohammedanism. Whatever value the Koran has it derives from the Bible, for Mohammedanism itself may be described as a by-product of the Christian Scriptures. But the Mohammedan treats his sacred scriptures with reverence, and bestows upon them an amount of study which may well rebuke the neglect of the Bible by so-called Christians. At seven years of age a Mohammedan boy commences to learn by heart the Koran, and the process is continued with his years. Dr. Cooper, in the *Sunday School Times*, says: "In 1910 the educational report concerning Moslem students shows that 5,565 pupils in the 'Kuttabs' (village schools) were able to recite from memory the *whole of the Koran*, 4,076 at least three-fourth of it, 5,355 students were capable of repeating one-half of it, and 9,145 at least one-fourth of it, while 110,844 youths had committed to

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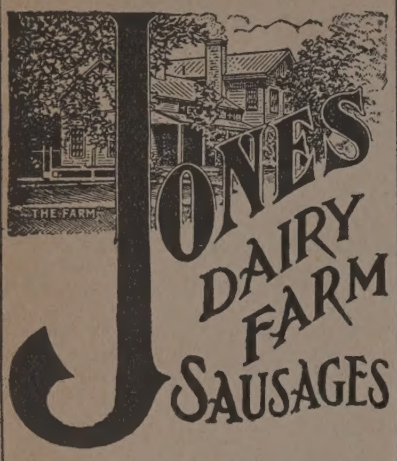

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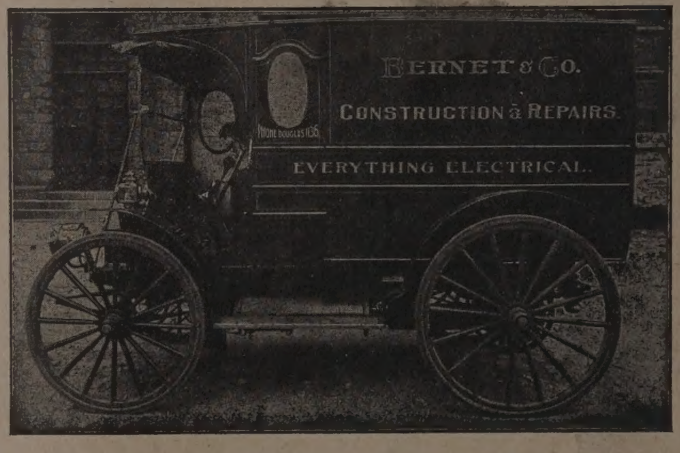

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